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THE LEHIGH BURR.

Vol. 13.

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EDITORIAL.

THIS is the last number of THE BURR before the holiday season, and we wish our readers a royal good time, and a return that will not need to be hurried by the unpleasant duty of a reëxamination.

THE University has decided, as a matter of economy, to do away with the flowers that have helped to beautify our campus. There has always been one bed that has gone by the name of the graduating class of that year. Could not this at least be kept? It is a pretty custom, and, if necessary, the class could easily afford to pay for its maintenance. We hope to see 'Ninety-four take some action in the matter.

IN looking over the record of Lehigh in athletics during the last four years, we were struck by the consistently high standard which has been maintained in foot-ball during that time. We have had what we considered poor teams, but only once during that period has Lehigh been beaten by a college smaller than or equal to herself in numbers. That single defeat was the game that Lafayette won from us last year by a score of four to nothing, and that stain was wiped out two weeks later by an easy victory. In the last four years Lehigh has lost but one game to Lafayette out of nine played; has won games from the

University of Pennsylvania and Cornell, and has scored on the two champion teams that have represented Princeton. The rising generation of athletes should remember that Lehigh has a reputation to uphold.

THAT amusing and interesting publication, the *Register*, has made its appearance. It is of the same style and general arrangement as its predecessors, with but a few changes. The list of donations to the various departments has been suppressed, and the man who gives a stuffed bird to the Museum, or a set of patent office reports to the Library, no longer has his name immortalized in the *Register*. Had the good work been carried a little farther and the asterisks omitted from the names of conditioned students, happiness would be complete. We note that "opportunities for recreation and amusement" are still provided in the bowling alleys, and that ninety-three thousand volumes are upon the shelves of the Library. The only change in the courses is that the Chemists and Mechanical Engineers are now required to take German instead of having, as heretofore, a choice between that language and French.

The number of students enrolled is 527, of which 24 are graduates, 86 Seniors, 132 Juniors, 148 Sophomores, and 131 Freshmen. The Civil Engineers, in numbers, lead, with the

Electricals and Mechanicals second and third respectively.

IN another column is given, in a tabular form, a *resumé* of the season's work in foot-ball. It is doubtful whether as consistently a successful team has ever represented Lehigh. Strong in the line, with a quarterback who never failed to get the ball back in good form, and with a pair of half-backs to receive it whose equals for ground gaining were found on but few teams in the country, Lehigh played above all else a team game. Sharp and snappy work has been the line along which Woodruff, Hartwell, and Graves have in the last few years formed our play, and this system bids fair to become traditional with our teams.

The record speaks for itself. Seven games won out of ten played. One hundred and seventy-four points scored against eighty-four by our opponents. Nor were they weak teams that this record was made against. Princeton held down to a meagre twelve points in one

game and scored upon in the other. West Point, Cornell, Annapolis and University of North Carolina beaten by good round scores. The strength of the offensive work of the team is proved by the fact that it has scored on every eleven it has played this year, while by good defensive work it has, in five out of seven of the victories gained, prevented the opposing team from scoring. Surely we are justified in claiming as we do that it is the fifth best foot-ball eleven in the country, inferior only to Princeton, Yale, Harvard and Pennsylvania.

All of the old men showed a marked improvement over last year's work, that of Roderrick and Houston showing the greatest advance. Of the new men, Okeson and Keyes did the most worthy work. But to every man is due praise because of the earnest work done and the strict training kept. Again do we congratulate the members of the team upon the successful ending of the season and trust they feel that their services have been appreciated.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF J. TRAVERS, JR.

EVERYBODY who knew J. Travers, Jr., liked him. He was considered a solid man. But there was one thing about Travers that most of his friends did not like, and that was his love for the Jew. Of course, that was to be expected to a certain extent, since he had Jewish blood in him; but they thought he ought not to talk about it so much, as his appearance was more Saxon than Jewish. His more intimate friends told him that his chances of marrying Dorothy Miller would be increased a hundred-fold if he would keep quiet regarding his parentage, but he would reply that if Dorothy would not take him as he was, he would have to do without her. It was commonly supposed that Travers and Dorothy were engaged. Both were tall, good looking, well fixed financially, and seemed to like each other very well; each was with the other more

than with anybody else. But the fact was, there was no understanding of that kind between them.

Travers' love for the Jew was something peculiar. He often thought of schemes for their restoration, and was always disappointed at their infeasibility. It warmed his blood to think of the Jews as the chosen people, and to read of their deeds in the prime of their greatness. They were to him, in the zenith of their glory, an ideal people, a magnificent nation. Their failures made their triumphs greater by contrast. He often said, that if a Christian and a Jew needed his assistance at the same time, under similar circumstances, the Jew would have the preference. When anybody asked him where he got such ideas, he would simply say, "My mother taught me." But further than that he would not go; in fact,

further than that he hardly could go. He knew that his father, a Scotchman by birth, had been consul in a foreign country and, while on his mission, had married a pretty Jewess. He also knew that his father had died before he himself knew he was J. Travers, Jr. But there was one thing he could not understand, and that was the sealed letter his mother had given him shortly before her death, saying, "If you are ever sorry you have Jewish blood in you, read that." Travers knew he would never open it, but he kept it because it was one of the last things his mother had given him. It was safely locked in a tin box that was at the bottom of his trunk, which was doubly locked. He never spoke of it to anybody, not even to Dorothy; he often thought, though, that if they ever became engaged he would tell her about it. There were no immediate prospects of this, however, for Travers was very deliberate in all he did, and he saw that if he proposed and were refused, there would be a restraint between them. At it was, he enjoyed her confidence, and to risk losing that seemed to him folly.

But he knew that this state of affairs could not always last; a crisis must come some time. Moreover, Travers, like all others in similar cases, magnified circumstances favorable to his suit, and found excuses for those unfavorable. So one day he decided to ask Dorothy to marry him. And he did ask her. But Dorothy said, that although she liked him very much, she could not become the wife of a man whose opinions and ideas were so entirely different from her's. So Travers put the ring, which he had hoped she would accept, in the tin box beside the letter, and two days later he was on a west-bound express, going any place, he did not care where. So he rode and rode and rode. One day his attention was attracted to a little boy and a small crouching man conversing vigorously in the fore part of the car. The man was evidently a Jew, and Travers was at once inter-

ested. The boy seemed to be stoutly holding out against the combined appeals, urgings and threats of the Jew, and finally Travers went to them and asked the cause of their differences. The Jew shuffled about a while without looking at Travers, and then got up and went crouching into another car. The boy looked at Travers doubtfully a moment, as though he feared he were in league with the Jew, and then said confidentially: "Ma, she died about a year ago, and pa left me with Auntie and went out there," pointing to a tag on his arm, "and when he got enough money he sent for me, and I'm goin' out there. He," nodding in the direction the Jew had gone, "He came and asked me if I had any money, and wanted to take care of it for me, but Auntie said I musn't tell anybody about it." Travers read the tag on the boy's arm and found him consigned to Sciota City, Colorado.

"I think I'll go there also, boy," said Travers. "Let's keep each other company."

* * * * *

It was in the first anniversary number of the *Eagle*, that J. Travers, Jr., published a detailed account of the convention which had nominated him for the State Senate. It was four weeks after this that he gave notice in his paper of a joint debate between himself and J. Henry Browne, his opponent, to be held in the Hall on the night before election. Travers had an advantage in being editor and proprietor of Sciota City's only newspaper, and he made good use of it, dealing out Tariff Reform in kill-or-cure doses. Browne thought of starting a newspaper for the opposition party, but the *Eagle* was such a thoroughly good journal, that he had a great deal of trouble in attempting to get support, so he gave up his project.

Travers had decided, when he left New York, to say nothing at all regarding his parentage; he had not determined, however, to deny the fact if in any way it should be brought before him. So when he walked on the stage of the hall, the night before election,

and was greeted by a great cheer, he congratulated himself that he had been wise enough to leave the restoration of the Jews to itself for awhile. In the free, liberal, western personality which he was beginning to assume, such ideas could have no place; and the mere thought of his having once had serious schemes of such a character seemed to him now, to a certain extent, ridiculous. But that same straightforward, frank personality rebelled at deception, and the hiding of one's true self from his professed friends was nothing less. There was no man in the city—except, perhaps, little Isaacs, the Jew he had met on the train—who had not been honest and square in his dealings with Travers; and he detested the knowledge of his own hypocrisy. But then, he thought, they all had their secrets. And so the argument went on until the chairman called the meeting to order, and Browne began to speak.

Travers listened attentively to catch every weak spot and every apparent contradiction in Browne's effort, keeping, at the same time, an eye on his reporters in the front row, to see that every word and every action was reported. The speech was characterized in the next day's *Eagle*, as a mixture of arithmetic and trade winds, with a general tone of "let well enough alone." When Browne had finished, he was applauded by his followers in a duteous manner. Travers walked to the front of the platform with a step that meant business, and pulled up his sleeve a trifle as though getting down to work, and then, motioning towards the audience with his right hand in a manner that made every auditor think he was being talked to personally, he began. He started at once to attack "let well enough alone." He shook it up, he tore it in pieces, he threw it down, and he turned it inside out. That theory was good enough for England, or China, or Kamtchatka where people sleep one-half the year, and do not feel like getting up the other half. But give him express trains to stage coaches any day. Apply the theory to

Sciota City; never build any more school houses; never increase the electric light circuit; never clean out the water works; never pay your subscription to the *Eagle*. Lovely state of affairs! How the city would prosper under it! The only case where "let well enough alone" panned out good to his knowledge, was when a girl of his acquaintance refused to marry a broken-down English duke. But that was rather a case of "let bad enough alone." And then he tickled them, and patted them on the back, and told them how he was magnetically drawn from New York all the way out there, and when he attempted to go further, was drawn back. And in a peroration, which made Sciota City the center of the solar system, he brought them to their feet to give vent to their wrought-up feelings in a mighty roar, which shook the hall to its very foundations. And they kept on roaring, and the chairman hammered for order until, tired out, they all sat down except a little man in a front seat, who continued to screech and motion wildly in a burst of rage. Everybody looked to see what it was all about, and somebody shouted, "Put the sheeny out."

"Put me out?" replied Isaacs, tauntingly. "Have Jews no rights? Yes, they have; there's one that has, anyhow," pointing at Travers. Instantly the crowd became quiet. Travers a Jew! Such a fair complexion and such light hair. Isaacs must be crazy. But the Jew rattled on: "Oh, you don't believe it, eh? Just ask him; see if he'll deny it. No, I guess he won't. If you don't allow Jews in, why don't you put him out. Sciota City represented by a Jew! Your laws made by a Jew! How do you like that? Nice, ain't it?"

Some men made a rush at the snarling Jew, but Travers was at the front of the stage in an instant and restrained them.

"Steady, boys," he said, "Isaacs is right. My father was a Scotchman and my mother a Jewess."

He saw the Senatorship, already won, fast

slipping away from him, and warming up to his defense, he said, "Yes, I'm partly a Jew; but not *that* kind of a Jew," pointing to Isaacs, "My having Jewish blood doesn't change me from what I was before. It doesn't make me any the less capable of helping to make laws. If I had not the ability, you would not have nominated me; you don't do things that way. And you don't expect a man to go about publishing the fact that his mother was a Jewess, do you?"

He paused to see the effect on his audience. Isaacs saw his chance, and jumping on his chair he cried, "How do you like being fooled by a Jew, eh? Maybe you think he hasn't been fooling you. Why did he advise you to issue school bonds, and then buy a lot of them at par, and boom them till they got fifteen above, and then sell? Why, he's just soakin' you for money."

Travers was entirely taken back by this charge. It was all true enough, but nobody had ever looked at it in that light before. He thought of his seat in the Senate and made a last attempt: "Why, men, which one of you is not here to make money? Didn't all of you who wanted ready cash sell at 115? Didn't I keep on booming after I sold, and didn't it go up to 124?"

Travers knew his audience. He knew that if his excuses were accepted, there would be some sign of it. But there was a deep silence. They could only think of the fact that he had deceived them. Isaacs knew he had done enough, and wisely kept quiet, grinning at his success in so quickly undoing Travers' work. Travers was nonplussed. He stood irresolute a few moments, and then said quietly, "A detailed account of the causes leading up to this, will be printed in tomorrow's *Eagle*. Read it and think over it before you vote. Mr. Chairman, I move we adjourn."

When Travers got to his rooms, he got out his tin box and opened it. He took out the letter and the ring and put them side by side on the table before him. He thought of Dor-

othy and the cause of her refusal. He thought of the Senatorship and how he had lost it. He thought of the letter and his mother's words, "If you are ever sorry that you have Jewish blood in you, read that." No, he thought, he was not exactly sorry he had Jewish blood in him, but he admitted that for the present, at any rate, he would prefer it otherwise. Moreover, this mystery in the letter was against his honest western way, so he picked up the envelope and slit it open with a knife. He handled the paper he drew out as though it were an infernal machine. He unfolded it and read it. Any number of infernal machines could not have shocked him as that letter did. He read:

"MY DEAR BOY:

You were two years old when I married J. Travers, Sr. You are not my son. Your father (you called him father) would tell me nothing about you. I loved my race. When your father died I saw in you a possible organizer to reunite Israel. I taught you to esteem the Jew as I esteemed him. I may have been wrong. Judge for yourself. But, my boy, I loved you and I wanted you to be a leader in the nation I honored. Do not condemn me. Be kind to the Jew for the sake of her whom you called 'mother.'

RUTH TRAVERS."

Travers sat thinking far into the night. His whole past seemed like a hypocritical dream. He rebelled against the false bonds which had made the Jew his friend. He was even irritated at his—Mrs. Travers' trick in taking advantage of his innocence and ignorance. And when the sun was beginning to give notice of a fair election day, he took his pen and wrote:

"DEAR DOROTHY:

Mrs. Travers gave me the inclosed letter shortly before her death. I did not open it until tonight. May I go to New York? Address, Paxton Hotel, Omaha.

J. TRAVERS, JR."

Ten days later Travers found this short note in his mail:

"I think New York is large enough for you and me.

DOROTHY."



THE GOSSIP.

THERE are certain phases of the weather that turn The Gossip into a modern combination of tragic, comic, rural, and every other kind of poet. Such a condition occurred one day last week. The sky was cloudless, not a breath of air stirred the melancholy looking trees, the earth was everywhere covered with freshly laundried snow, the water trickled merrily down the gutters, the damp snow from many a roof fell like a blessing on the just and the unjust, the mud was knee deep, and the sidewalks were treacherously icy. Such a day lifts up The Gossip's soul in a subtle delight, and his whole nature speaks in rhyme.

He had just left the Gymnasium, and was going with a light heart down the Campus, when the following came upon him:

Since the new Gymnasium Director's here,
We must change the name to suit;
And call the Gym. consistently,
The Smithsonian Institute.

The Gossip was still lingering on the sublimity of this as he went around the corner to go up Fourth Street, when a volley of snow-balls assailed him; and just as one of them adroitly landed his hat in the slush of the street, he evolved the following:

De mucker trows de snow-ball
At the student jist for spite,
Because he's brought dis village
Out of darkness into light.

As The Gossip picked up his hat and observed its hue, he was reminded of the color of the Princeton foot-ball uniforms on Manhattan Field. Just at that moment a youngster accross the street shouts: "Morning papers! *Press* and *Inquirer*!" Unconsciously The Gossip's thoughts were expressed thus:

Since the gay and festive pig-skins
No longer fly about,
What'll the Philadelphia editor
Have now to lie about?
And echo answers, "what?"

* * *

It is the eve of another Christmas, the leaves of the ivy on the Library are dead, and verdure is gone from the grand old trees on the Campus, the first snow that presages an old time Bethlehem winter has fallen, and The Gossip, standing gazing down toward the athletic grounds notices that the "goal posts are down." To The Gossip with what a world of meaning are the words fraught. The goal posts are down. Another foot-ball season, the last that The Gossip will see at Lehigh, has sped quickly by, and nothing is left to him but its memories. They crowd back upon him, the crash of the opposing rush lines, the shrill whistle of the referee, the ringing cheer from the side lines that marks another gain for the old Brown and White seem to reëcho again. What a glorious season it was! Unmarred by a single disgraceful defeat, crowned by a round of victories, its remembrance will cheer The Gossip's heart while memory lasts, and until the goal posts are down after the long last game of life.

But here The Gossip's musings are interrupted, it is 8:30, and chapel is just over. See the crowd pouring out, it is examination time, and all are eager for a look at the bulletin board. With what different aspect do they approach it. The Senior, with an indifference bred of four year's of familiarity, gives it a hasty nonchalant glance, accepts its tidings without a murmur, and hurries on. The Freshman gazes at it long and earnestly, com-

pare his mark with that of his friends, wonders why he did not receive a better one, and thinks it hard luck that his mark is not as good as Chumpus', who never could get his math. out, and Sportus', who always ponied his.

So the busy throng moves on slowly up the steps, and The Gossip, his pipe burned out, follows.

* * *

As The Gossip takes up his pen, there is a shadow as of approaching doom hanging over him. The examination roster has just been posted.

Long before this reaches your eyes, gentle readers, you will all have learned your part of it by heart, and it will be an old story, though still omnipresent in your minds.

As often as examinations have come to The Gossip, they have never quite lost their terror for him; he may proceed with a bold front as far as the dreaded door, but once inside he feels an overwhelming desire to flee and secrete himself in some secluded spot.

There is one thing, however, which the near approach of the examinations never fails to bring to light, and that is the remarkable amount of latent energy in the University. During the term the laboratories and drawing rooms present the appearance of some sort of social gathering, more for the purpose of discussing the last foot ball game than for any other intent, but as the exams. loom up in the distance all conviviality ceases, and an air of feverish industry hangs like a pall over drawing rooms, laboratories, and class rooms.

'Tis now that the hard "boner" reaps his reward in large, luscious "eight-fives," while his jollier, but less industrious friend, the "sport," congratulates himself on having obtained a "bald-headed six."

To one and all The Gossip extends his sympathy and best wishes for the ordeal, and sincerely hopes that when the smoke clears away, all will emerge from the wreck with but little damage.

* * *

The snow, with the accompanying jingle of the sleigh bells, and the posting of the exam-

ination roster, have given the unmistakable signs of the approach of Christmas. The traces of the liberal Thanksgiving feast, provided by Freshman subscriptions, have disappeared from the Sanctum. Now the Chief and the Business Manager rub their heads together in earnest consultation, in order that before their departure homeward they may leave behind among the publishers *peace on earth and good will towards THE BURR.*

The Yule logs, blazing brightly, throw out a cheerful glow upon the faces of the younger members, happy in the thought of what the college Kris Kringle has in stock for them in his bag of *bald-headed sixes* and hard earned eight-fives. Only The Gossip, with never a thought of the morrow, tilts his easy chair, closes his eyes and dreams of the past Christmases of his college life. Distinctly he remembers, even before that first Christmas when, with the derisive laughter on his lips, he rushed with his classmates from some meek instructor's room, how the smile froze upon his face as he entered *That Room*. How meekly we sat and drank in the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of *That Professor*. One day—one bright sunshiny day in early Spring—He smiled. It became a red letter day. How we congratulated one another! How proud we were of our class! We used to say, "There's a fellow in our class that made *Him* smile."

And so, as time passed on, we learned to smile in return, and to shift about in our seats in a nonchalant manner. But more recently we reached the climax of our happiness in the reception of a rich fund of really good jokes. He whom we were wont to consider, however impartial in his judgments, as a cold, austere man, reaping where he had not sown, etc., has become a jolly good fellow. Verily, times change and we change with them. All of which goes to show that we are all a jolly good lot (Faculty included) here at Lehigh, after we become well acquainted.

It is time to leave the Sanctum. The logs are burned out, the good cheer almost gone. But not before The Gossip, arousing himself from his dreams of the past, wishes you all, on behalf of THE BURR, a Merry Christmas. And filling up the glass once again he proposes as a toast "The health of Lehigh," and "God bless us all," in the language of Rip Van Winkle.

TOMMY JAGGS' EXAMS.

THE result of Tommy Jaggs' exams.,
 You can tell as sure as fate;
 He's flunked, if his path upon the snow

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But it will be very different
 If Tommy 's passed, I wis;
 For then, I'm sure, you'll find his tracks

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IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

THE millenium is comin',
 And it's comin' just a hummin',
 But there'll be a lot of changes ere it finally gets here.
 The following must happen
 So don't be caught a-nappin'
 For when these things are with us, 'twill be
 nothing but good cheer.

NAMELY.

When the student loves the copper,
 And the copper thinks it proper
 Not to pull in any student who is out to celebrate.

When compulsory attendance
 At the chapel, with a vengeance,
 Will be ousted, and when Sunday comes we'll
 meet it without hate.

When the absence system 's fired
 And the students don't get tired
 Buying doctors' signatures to statements saying
 they've been sick;
 And can go to class whenever
 They've a mind to, yes or never,
 But can cut, and cut, and cut, and cut, and never
 hear a kick.

When exams. are just as "aisy"
 As it's "aisy" to be lazy,
 When the drawing rooms have combination stools
 and folding-beds.
 When the formulæ erratic
 From the simple to quadratic
 And the Math. and such in general no longer hurt
 our heads.

When the millionaire is plowing
 And the elephant is me-ow-ing
 And the ant is sucking cider through the neck of a
 giraffe.

When we all have railroad passes
 And are not such cussed asses;
 When the average man, don't want the earth
 but can get along with half.

Yes, the millenium is comin',
 And it's comin' just a hummin',
 But there'll be a lot of changes ere it finally gets here.
 So don't be caught a-nappin'
 When these things come to happen,
 For you'll only need a quarter for six schooners
 full of beer.

LOVE AND SORROW.

Lines suggestive of the sad, sweet beauty of the Intermezzo from the
 opera of Cavalleria Rusticana, and intended to be sung to that refrain.

WHEN my soul is tossed on the angry billows
 Of this stormy sea of life;
 When my hopes lie dead 'neath the weeping willows,
 Blasted, crushed in mortal strife;
 When seeks my head, oppressed,
 The bosom of sweet rest,—
 Then turns to thee my weary heart,
 For thou alone my comfort art.
 My love! My own!
 By thee alone
 Can all my ills be overthrown.
 Thy sweet caress
 Alone can bless,
 And make my misery happiness.
 I long for thee! My angel be! O, come to me!

When from thee I part, and am sorely feeling
 Separations cruel hand,
 Like a bird my love, while I send it, kneeling,
 Flies to thee o'er sea and land.
 Hark to the song it sings;
 Take, keep the heart it brings;
 There let it worship at the shrine
 Which is thine own, while thus I pine.
 While far away
 For thee I pray,
 Thy memory turns my night to day.
 I care not what
 May be my lot,
 So long thou forget'st me not.
 I long for thee! My angel be! O, think of me.

CLIPPINGS.

SEA BELLS.

Ring on, wild bell, that tossest on the wave,
 And swell thy dirge upon the tempest wind;
 Thy fearful tollings seem instinct with mind.
 Voices of dread that cry from out the grave,
 Long lost and mourned spirits of the brave,
 That nevermore on earth may hope to find
 The homes of the beloved left behind—
 The last and fond farewell they heard and gave.
 In rolling out thy solemn monotone
 Thou art of Time a symbol unto me,
 Of human toil and suffering and strife.
 'Tis when our hearts break into saddest moan,
 And when ahead naught lies but troubled sea,
 We feel the deep, deep throbs of death and life.
 —Columbia Lit.

CLOUDLAND.

Over the hills, at the close of day,
 Gazing with listless seeming eyes,
 Margery watches them sail away,
 The sunlit clouds of the western skies.
 Margery sighs with a vague regret,
 As slowly they fade from gold to gray,
 Till night has come, and the sun has set,
 And the clouds have drifted beyond the day.
 What are you dreaming, my little maid?
 For yours are beautiful thoughts, I know,
 What were the words that the wild wind said,
 And where, in the dark, did the cloud-ships go?
 Come through the window and touch her hair,
 Wind of the vast and starry deep!
 And tell her not of this old world's care,
 But kiss her softly and let her sleep.
 —Columbia Lit.

FOOT-BALL RECORD.

NAME.	Pos.	Games Played	Touch-down	Goals Kicked	Points Scored	Wgt.
Best.....	End.	9	0	0	0	138
Houston.....	L. T.	8	1	0	4	170
Trafton.....	L. G.	10	1	0	4	186
Keyes.....	C.	10	1	0	4	190
Wooden.....	R. G.	10	0	0	0	175
Budd.....	R. T.	8½	0	0	0	176
Okeson.....	End.	8½	1	0	4	147
McClung.....	Q. B.	10	0	3	4	152
Roderick.....	H. B.	9½	15	0	60	157
Ordway.....	H. B.	7	11	0	44	165
Floyd.....	F. B.	9	2	20	46	150
Thurston.....	Sub.	2½	0	0	0	
Greenwood.....	"	2½	0	0	0	178
Gadd.....	"	2¼	0	0	0	
Gunzolas.....	"	1	0	0	0	
Hutchinson.....	"	½	0	0	0	
Tarleton.....	"	1¼	0	0	0	
Beccera.....	"	¾	0	0	0	
Faust.....	"	½	0	0	0	
Totals.....		10	32	23	174	166

GAMES.

	OPPONENTS.	LEHIGH.
Dickinson.....	0	52
Princeton.....	12	0
University of Pennsylvania.....	32	6
West Point.....	0	18
Princeton.....	28	6
U. S. Naval Academy.....	6	12
Lafayette.....	6	22
Cornell.....	0	14
Lafayette.....	0	10
University of North Carolina.....	0	34
Total.....	84	174

Seven games were won by Lehigh out of ten played.

KERNELS.

—College closes for this term on December 20th.

—The Freshman have to take an examination in Trigonometry.

—The Glee and Banjo Clubs were photographed by Eggert last Thursday.

—Alternating Currents has been added to the course in Electrical Engineering.

—There will be no more flower beds on the Campus.

—W. S. Maharg has written a song and dedicated it to the foot-ball team.

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* gives the ranking of the colleges foot-ball teams as follows: Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Lehigh.

—The attendance at chapel at Columbia is voluntary and is increasing steadily.

—The '91 memorial of \$500 for the endowment of a student's ward in the Ithaca Hospital, has been paid in full.—*Cornell Era*.

—A new psychological review will make its appearance this year under the editorial care of Professors Baldwin, of Princeton, and Cattell, of Columbia.

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COLLEGE NOTES.

—The University of Wisconsin has a co-educational fraternity.

—A medical school is soon to be established at Princeton.

—Harvard has established a meteorological office on top of the volcano of Arequipa, Peru, 19,000 feet above sea level.

—The Smith College girls had a hare and hound chase recently, in which fourteen girls ran thirteen miles.

—Cornell is endeavoring to form a debating league with Columbia, Pennsylvania and University of Michigan.

—Harvard has a blind student in the Freshman Class taking a full course for the degree of B.A. In his entrance examinations he used a typewriter, except in the Greek, which he dictated, and the Geometry, for which he used a mechanical contrivance.

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